

wisely made. All persons will readily assist in the singing unless some be found who belong to that class "Who never sing, But die with all their music in them." Perhaps, however, not all will lead in prayer, but with a little encouragement few will be found that will not engage in a sentence prayer. A prudent, wide-awake spiritual leader will succeed in having the most timid and lukewarm participate in prayer and song.

As to the rest of the program exercise thought and fitness in distributing it. Give the reading of the verses to some timid ones. Be watchful that none are continually overlooked. If your society is large you had better keep a record of those that read from time to time. This is properly the work of the Prayer Meeting Committee, and the members of it ought at least to be as "*wise as serpents*." Keep a list of your new members and your timid ones and your cold ones if you have them and assign them this work as often as practicable. This doubtless is the first step.

As to the questions, you can best assign them to those members who are able to think on their feet, and who have had more experience in society work. But do not assign to the same persons continually. Go the rounds. Aid no one to monopolize the service. Here too is an opportunity for the committee to seize. Watch your members and when you see one who you are satisfied could make another step, induce him to do so. Give him a question or topic suited to him and if necessary be prepared to give him some light yourself.

There are some perhaps that you will never succeed in having participate. These, however I believe to be few. On the whole, an active, earnest, consecrated leader, with a prayer-meeting committee made up of the same kind of men and women can not but succeed in securing the participation of even the most timid and indifferent member.

WM. D. FURRY.

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## The Christian Life

"The Master and I Alone"

Ian Maclaren.

It is a glorious thing to know that my cleansing and illumination depend upon Him, and that the whole of my responsibility in this matter is marked by my maintaining personal relationship with Him. This, however, is inexorable. Daily personal communion there must be, and the means of such, study of His Word, waiting upon Him in prayer, the cultivation of close fellowship, by telling Him everything—joys as well as sorrows—and the periods of silence in which the soul simply waits and listens in the stillness for His voice, these can not be neglected without a film, a veil, a cloud, a darkness coming between the soul and Himself, and so hindering the possibility of advancement.

All this specially needs emphasizing in an age characterized by its rush and unrest, its loss of the old spirit of meditation and quiet,

a characterization that applies to Christendom to day as evidence by over-organization, never-ceasing rounds of societies, meetings, doings, and the lessening of the seasons of retirement and true worship. Personal relationship can not be maintained in crowds. The Master and I alone, must be a perpetual need, and for its realization opportunity must be made.

### The Voyage of Life

REV. W. R. FITCH

The voyage of life is nearly past,  
And my journey is almost o'er!  
The haven near I see at last,  
And the lights along the shore.  
So near my home! O, can it be  
I've safely crossed life's stormy sea?

No more will waves rise mountain high,  
And toss my frail bark to and fro,  
Nor dark clouds sweep along the sky,  
Nor angry winds around me blow.  
No more will fear rise in my breast,  
Nor wild alarms disturb my rest.

A stormy voyage, and yet I know  
His guiding hand was at the helm,  
And waves might dash, and winds might blow,  
But they could never overwhelm  
My little bark, for He was near  
To give me strength and banish fear.

But now I near the heavenly shore,  
And soon will anchor in the vale  
Where storms and tempests are no more,  
Nor summer's heat nor wintry gale,  
But fadeless flowers forever bloom,  
And shed on all their sweet perfume.

I enter now the vale, and see  
A great white throne uplifted high;  
Not far away the crystal sea,  
And tree of life there standing nigh;  
And lo a crown! O, can it be  
This crown of life is meant for me?

—Christian Advocate.

### Perfection

The Examiner.

Our Savior sets for his disciples a high ideal of character: "Ye therefore shall be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect."

The context seems to suggest the thought of perfection in love as specially intended. We are to love, not our friends only—even the "publicans" do that—but our enemies, a disposition against which the natural heart instinctively revolts, but which Jesus makes one of the distinguishing marks of a renewed nature. But Doctor Broadus observes, justly, we think, that it does not seem proper to restrict the general term to this thought alone. In all things, love included, we ought to be perfect, as our heavenly Father is, and so prove ourselves to be his children.

If we should say this is impossible, we no doubt say truly, except in the sense—probably not here intended—that we "are complete in him." But the thought of Christ is perfection in ideal, and with every Christian there should be a constant endeavor to attain it. If we are satisfied with our present selves, we shall make no progress at all; but with the heavenly Model ever in our mind, and an earnest, insatiable longing to be daily more closely conformed to it, there will be a constant upward tendency, and a growing likeness to the divine perfection.

### Definite Prayer

Mrs. M. E. Sangster.

There is a need of definiteness in our prayers. One observes this in the prayer-meeting, where often the petitions cover a wide range of topics, but miss the particular wants of the hour, the place, and the people assembled. And most of us know that in our private prayers' our tranquil closet seasons, we must occasionally arrest ourselves in the midst of unconsidered, vague, and, so to speak, random words. Prayer is not only a spiritual exercise—it is an intellectual effort, and requires thought and care, precisely as does any other mental and physical endeavor. What to say and how to say it are here as important as in any other field where we converse, prefer request, or express gratitude. But, going in a step further, how strange it seems that we forego the privilege of telling our Father what we desire, putting into loose phrases of no special meaning our hopes and aims, alluding in general terms to the conversion of our families and friends and the reviving of our Church, as tho the end in question would be a happy circumstance, yet carrying no one person or group of persons on our hearts to the mercy seat. This, too, in the face of our own belief in God's individual care of and for us, and of his own gracious declaration to every one of his children, "I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine." The pages of Scripture are strewn with promises to the man who prays, with narratives of direct answers to importunate and believing prayers, and yet we, not merely because of little faith, but often thru the merest heedlessness and lack of thought, go groping on, without seeking divine strength in any earnest way, without asking specifically for the thing we yearn to have, yet do not ask for except in a random and half-hearted manner.

### The Sufferer's Song

Yonh's Companion.

On the way to the Lakes of Killarney, says *Christian Life*, a party of tourists heard a sound of singing in a little farm-house by the roadside. It was a man's voice in a tenor so marvelously sweet that the strangers halted some time to listen. The strains traversed the whole compass of feeling, from soaring triumph to the murmur of a mother's lullaby.

"Oh, if I could hope ever to sing like that!" said one of the company, a young student of music.

A girl came out of the cottage with a basket on her arm, and as she passed the wagon with a courtesy, a wish to know what vocal genius the south of Ireland had hidden away prompted a question from the same young man.

"Will you kindly tell us who it is that sings so beautifully?"

"Yes, sir, it's my Uncle Tim," said the girl. "He's after havin' a bad turn with his leg, and so he's just singin' away the pain while."

For a moment the astonished tourist did